We'll deal with it in the morning by buckyjbarnnes

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It had to be a fucking joke.
It really had to be, because things like that didn't usually happen in real life. But still, there they were, plastered to one another in a sorry, fucking narrow bed.

We'll deal with it in the morning

Author's Note:

> i know everybody says "i hate clichés1!!1!" but then when presented with "there's only one bed and they have to share it" no one can resist it.

It had to be a fucking joke.

It really had to be, because things like that didn't usually happen in real life. But still, there they were, plastered to one another in a sorry, fucking narrow bed.

Billy wanted to be all over Steve at some point, but under his own terms and when he felt ready for it, but now was too fucking late to brood over it, he guessed.

They had gone there to pick up Dustin and Max, from over at Hopper's cabin. The weather wasn't promising, but really, fucking Hawkins always had shitty weather, so either of them suspected what was about to happen. Also the woods were always colder and darker, so it was hard to tell.

As soon as they arrived though, pouring rain started, and instantly after, a hailstorm that was scary as all hell. Billy didn't think much more than "Holy fuck!", and thought about honking so that the little shits would hurry up, but then the hail unexpectedly cracked the windshield of Steve's car and they had both startled, looked at each other like they just saw the devil, and stupidly started screaming because the windshield was about to give in.

Hopper had come out of the cabin then, looking annoyed as hell but quite surprised by the force of the hail, and had motioned with his hand for them to come inside.

They had to run like beheaded chickens though, because the hail was the size of fucking tennis balls (it wasn't really, but still quite

impressive), and if they didn't, it would've probably caused some bruises or maybe just would've knocked them right out if it hit them wrong, and honestly, how fucking embarrassing.

"That shit's fucking crazy, man!" Billy had exclaimed once they were inside the cabin. Everybody just kind of stared at him with amused expressions. Steve snickered a bit, and honestly, he had some fucking nerve since just minutes ago he had been screaming when the hail broke the windshield.

"Are you scared, big brother?"

"Shut the hell up, Max."

The little shits were all laughing quietly. Steve was fucking laughing too.

"Alright everybody shut up. I think you all are going to have to call your houses, because that crap is only gonna get worse." Hopper had said with an exasperated expression. He never looked too fond of the get togethers Jane had with the nerds.

The expressions on the kids' faces had been of absolute, pure fucking bliss. Billy didn't like the idea that much, because Neil was going to be pissed.

"Max and I have to go, though. We can't stay."

"You are gonna skid off the road and die, kid. It's dark, the road is slippery and I know how you drive," Hopper just kind of sighed, "This is barely your first winter here, this shit gets crazy. I'll talk to your father-"

"He's not gonna be happy about a cop calling home, you know."

Yeah, Neil was not gonna be happy about it.

"Well, I'm not letting you out of here."

"You don't fucking understand, do you? Neil's gonna kill me." Billy couldn't arrive past 9 under any fucking circumstance.

“No if the goddamned hail kills you first, kid.”

“Listen, I really gotta go-” Billy was starting to lose his patience.

Hopper rolled his eyes and interrupted, “You came with Harrington anyways, right? He doesn’t look too fond of leaving.” Hopper moved his head pointing towards where Steve was sat in the floor, animatedly talking to Dustin.

Sometimes, and specifically times like that moment, Billy wished he thought things in advance. He never left without his car if he could help it, but yeah, it was just his luck that the day he did, something like being stranded in a cabin in the middle of the fucking forest would happen.

“You gotta give us a ride then, Neil is gonna *skin* me alive if I’m not there by nine.”

Hopper grunted, annoyed, “No, I said no one’s leaving. Look kid, I know he’s a bastard, but I promise you he won’t do shit to you and will agree to this. You’ll be fine.”

Billy just rubbed his face with his hands and huffed in frustration. He was really screwed.

“What-fucking-ever at this point I guess.”

If Billy had only known that the night was just starting.

The kids were rowdy as fuck, and Billy was starting to get a headache. Billy also quickly got why Hopper looked one second away from murdering someone from all that fucking noise, because he’d probably join him come the situation.

What really got to Billy though, was the fact that Steve was being just as obnoxious as the kids. Steve was laughing loudly at the stupid jokes and already had a goddamned smear of chocolate on his cheek, where Dustin jokingly slapped him while he ate at the same time.

It was...kind of *cute*, really, because he was used to seeing Steve being

all cool and chill and shit, but he had never really gotten the chance to see him be goofy like that. Steve really was something else, but Billy would never admit to that, of course, so he frowned and sat on the couch as he drank the coffee Hopper had offered him - he'd said, "No smoking with all the goddamned kids inside, Hargrove, so take this"- and thought about how he'd be killed the next morning when he got home.

And then, before he had enough time to register anything at all, it was bedtime and the kids plagued the ground of the small cabin and the couch, with barely enough room to move around.

Hopper took the room (it was his room, after all), Max and Jane took the bed by the door, Henderson took the couch, and Byers, Wheeler and Sinclair took the small rug by the TV like clockwork.

He wondered where were Steve and him going to sleep. There was literally no room, and honestly, it didn't look like Hopper had anymore blankets to offer, and it was cold as fuck in the cabin, even with the stove turned on.

Hopper gave him and Steve a look, and said, "I'm building another room through there, as you can see. There's a bed with blankets in there - I had uh, a friend who needed a place for a while and used it," he just interrupted himself and kind of sighed tiredly, "Anyways, one of you can take that bed and the other has to either share the couch, the floor or whatever honestly, good night."

He closed the door and Steve and Billy looked at each other.

"Take the bed, man, I'll sleep with Dustin on the couch." Steve said with no hesitation.

"There's no fucking way Henderson and you are going to fit in that couch, Steve."

Henderson protested quite offended, but seriously, there was just no fucking way. The couch was small, Steve was too tall and Dustin was too *Dustin*. It was just not happening.

"Then I'll sleep on the floor or something. Go take the bed before I

regret it."

"Alright, if you insist,"

"Yeah, yeah, g'night."

Billy went through the door, and well, calling it a door was quite generous to be honest. It was more like, a big plywood attached to the entrance by some really noisy hinges. The room at least had a light, which was great, but when he turned it on, he almost laughed. The bed was something that had definitely seen better days and the covers were ugly as all hell. There was a sad little nightstand next to the bed, and a sadder chair by the wall, and that was all there was to the room.

At least he wasn't going to spend the night on the floor, with Wheeler, who still looked at him like he was Satan's spawn, and Sinclair, who mostly just ignored his existence.

Also, nobody had to know, but sleeping on a bed meant not having to deal with spiders or fucking crawling bugs. It was always a plus, since he was afraid of them.

He took off his jacket, his boots and his jeans, turned off the light and got into bed. It was hard, flimsy, and every time he moved it made weird squeaks, but he just sighed, and basked in the warmth of the scratchy covers, closing his eyes and attempting to go to sleep.

He could clearly hear how Henderson snored. He knew it was going to be a long night.

Just when Billy was about to fall asleep, the noisy hinges of the plywood being pushed woke him up and he jostled on the bed to sit down. The last thing he needed was one of the shitheads sleepwalking and then doing some weird shit.

"Shit. That shit's noisy. It's just me, calm down."

Steve was whispering and closing the plywood again, making even more noise.

"What the fuck are you doing Harrington?"

“Dustin snores too loud and Lucas and Mike twitch like worms every time I move next to them so I thought-”

Billy knew what Steve was about to ask. It was a certain fucking no. Not because he didn’t want to, but because it just was too risky.

“Hell no Steve. I can barely fit in the bed. Also, it’s gonna be weird as fuck in the morning.”

“Are you really gonna do this to me? This is how you pay me for giving up the bed to you? Asshole.”

“I didn’t know you wanted to sleep with me so bad?”

“Fuck you. We’ve done this before.”

“Yeah, piss- fucking-drunk.”

“Come the fuck on Billy, we’re gonna wake everybody up.”

Billy just stared at him, frowning. It was true, they were going to wake someone up if they kept talking back to each other like that. Steve was looking at him with those doe eyes, his hair a mess and a blanket thrown over his shoulders. He looked like a lost fucking puppy and Billy just couldn’t say no to him in a normal situation, much less when he was looking like that.

“*Fuck*. Alright. But we wake up before the others so that they don’t see us coming out of the same room,” Billy grumbled.

“Why are you so pressed about that? Believe me when I tell you that those kids have seen stranger things.” Steve approached the bed, shedding his pants in the process, totally unpreoccupied.

Billy wanted to die. He groaned a little bit.

“Because.”

“Because what.”

“Because it’s fucking queer, Steve!”

Steve laughed quietly. “It’s fucking whatever.”

He got into bed then, making Billy scoot over closer to the wall, and just as he guessed, they barely fit in the bed. Billy felt Steve *everywhere* almost half over him. He was going to die that night.

When they were drunk, and as Steve said, they slept in the same bed, if one of them got too close, it was excused. But they were sober in that moment, and not only sober, but also under the fucking Sheriff’s roof. If Billy popped wood and Steve noticed, then Steve would probably beat him, and Hopper would help him.

The bed complained loudly about the weight it was holding. They were still for a while, with their eyes open and looking up at the ceiling. It was awkward and physically uncomfortable.

“Could you like, *move* a bit, Harrington? You’re squishing me.”

“Move *where*, Hargrove, my leg’s literally hanging off the bed.”

“Fuck.”

They rearranged themselves a little bit, but it was not going to work. Billy was losing his goddamn patience. Fuck the hailstorm and fuck Steve for affecting him so much.

A couple of silent minutes where they tried to go back to sleep passed. Of fucking course that wasn’t happening either. Steve was whispering then.

“Billy,”

“Hm.”

“I have an idea,”

“Shoot.”

“...Don’t throw me off the bed when I tell you.”

“What is it?”

“*Promise*.”

“Christ, Harrington. I *promise*.”

“We could like...lay on our sides.”

“...Why the fuck would I throw you off the bed for saying that. That’s actually a good fucking idea.”

“Because.”

“Because what.”

“...Because cuddling, Billy.” Steve whispered but then attempted a very bad impersonation of Billy’s voice, “Because, *it’s fucking queer*, remember?”

It was pretty fucking queer indeed, but they were already in their underwear, sharing a bed, so how much queerer could it really get anyways.

There was also the fact that Billy fucking *loved* this. He usually admitted to it a little bit more when they were drunk and got clingy when sharing the bed, by holding Steve in an octopus embrace and breathing him in shamelessly.He had the biggest, fattest, most embarrassing *crush* on Steve. If Steve looked at him weird in the mornings when they shared a bed - which really, never had fucking happened, but still - he just blamed it on how fucked up they got last night, and made it clear he didn’t remember anything. Steve usually just said, “Yeah, I don’t remember anything either.” It worked fine enough, maybe because it wasn’t like they talked about it. It was nobody's business but theirs.

“Let’s just go to sleep, *please*.” Billy just sighed, and nudged Steve softly with his knuckle on the ribs, making him jump a bit. Steve got the idea and moved to lay on his side, while Billy did the same.

A couple things happened at the same time then. The bed made a horrible sound like as if it was about to give away, and Steve nearly toppled over the edge of the bed and gasped loudly. Billy nearly laughed, but instead quickly reached over and held him by the waist so that Steve didn’t go landing on his face or something. He moved

Steve from the edge of the bed and brought him closer to him with his arm. Steve instinctively closed his hand over Billy's wrist. Billy laughed then, trying to be quiet.

"Yeah, yeah. Asshole."

Billy kept laughing. Steve was pressed to his chest, and for some reason the whole situation was hysterical to Billy, so he had to muffle his laughs in Steve's neck.

"It wasn't even that funny!"

"Shut up already!"

"You're gonna wake everyone up!" Steve was whispering in that not-quite-annoyed-just-joking kind of voice he seemed to use with Billy whenever he was being a dick. His grip on Billy's wrist also tightened.

Billy tried to calm down his laughs. Steve was grumbling one thing or another about him being an asshole, and it felt quite comfortable to be holding Steve like that, and to be so close to him. Steve always smelled so *good* and was so warm. He was so comfortable, that he almost forgot about boundaries.

After a couple of moments, he caught himself enough and finally made to move his arm from around Steve's waist, not too quickly so that it wasn't weird but not to slow so that it didn't look like he was hesitating. Just when he was lifting his arm, Steve's grip on Billy's wrist tightened, not allowing him to move it. Billy frowned slightly.

"What're you doing?"

Steve shifted a little bit in the embrace. "I...I don't fucking know." He let go of Billy's wrist.

Billy didn't move his arm though.

"You should've just said you wanted to cuddle right from the start, pretty boy."

Steve groaned and huffed a little bit. "Don't be a dick about this,

c'mon." He started to move as if to stand up.

Just then it clicked that Steve also liked and was comfortable doing this. He wasn't sure why he ever doubted that, if he was being honest, since Steve was always touchy-feely with him. It couldn't be too weird if they both liked it, right? Also, they were inside a room, in the dark, so it wasn't like anybody was watching them. He didn't really think it too much then, and splayed his hand flat on Steve's stomach, holding him tight to his chest. Steve stopped moving around when he noticed the change of Billy's demeanor, and settled back, not relaxed, but not like he was going to bolt either.

"C'mon Steve, if you're gonna make this even weirder then what's the fucking point. Relax, you feel like I'm holding a log or something,"

Billy spoke, his lips grazing the sensitive skin on the back of Steve's neck. Steve shuddered a little bit when he felt that. He did relax though, leaning back with a little bit more confidence against Billy, sighing almost contentedly. Billy decided that he really liked the whole feel of this, even if it was in fact queer.

Steve moved a little bit again, presumably to not lay directly on one of the multiple prominent springs of the mattress, and in the process ended up lining their hips up; his ass almost flush against Billy's front. Billy couldn't really control the way his breath hitched at that. Steve noticed, and mumbled an embarrassed, "Sorry," and made to move his hips away, but Billy held him in place and Steve didn't resist.

Billy was warm all over, and it wasn't only because Steve put up heat like a furnace. It wasn't scorching hot, not even under all those heavy woolen blankets. It was more like being pleasantly warm *inside,* and Billy thought he could really get used to the feeling.

He was slowly drifting, and his consciousness started to slide away, making him less aware of what he was doing. He liked the soft feeling of Steve's shirt under his palm, so he rubbed his palm slowly all the way from Steve's navel to his ribcage and down again, feeling the slight softness of Steve's stomach and his warm skin underneath it. He also nuzzled his face on the guy's neck, and when he felt how his shirt had ridden up a little bit with the motion of his hand, he

actually placed it where skin was accessible. Steve smelled like clean laundry and his expensive cologne, and he was so soft and warm, Billy's half-awake mind made him get even closer, pressing his mouth to Steve's neck and closing the space between his crotch and the guy's ass. He felt Steve twitch and gasp little bit at that.

Billy very obviously hadn't realized, being half-awake and everything, that Steve wasn't only twitching because he was being affectionate and touching him, but because all the warmth and nice feelings had made his dick get hard, and now Steve was practically seated on it.

Fucking *shit*.

He was fully awake then, with his eyes open like saucers and evaluating his options. He'd been the one to get a boner, so pushing Steve off the bed was a stupid idea because it wasn't his fault directly. He thought about pretending he was asleep, and maybe discreetly moving his hips from where they were flush against Steve's, or even turning around. The last thing that occurred to him after a panicked moment, was that he could just say fuck everything and everyone and see where Steve wanted this to end.

After all, despite having Billy's dick pressed right up against his ass, Steve hadn't moved an inch. If he found all of this disgusting or whatever, he would've already left the room, or called him a fag and pushed him. Steve actually seemed to be...*turned on*, if the way he was breathing was anything to go by.

Billy pushed his luck.

He lay his hand flat on the exposed skin of Steve's stomach, and then tucked all of his fingers beneath the waistband of Steve's underwear, gently caressing the sensitive skin there. He heard how Steve let out a breath that almost sounded like a moan.

"Billy." Steve said, and Billy supposed he must've wanted it to sound like a warning or something, but it came out all breathy, so he just chose to ignore it.

When he moved his hand a little, and grazed the cloth, he felt it.

Steve was just as hard as Billy was. All doubts cleared from his mind after that.

Billy wet his lips and pressed them against Steve's neck again, suctioning a little bit. He heard Steve make a choked off small noise, and impulsively press his ass against the insistent hard length of Billy's dick. After that, he didn't think much - or more like couldn't, because his mind went completely haywire - so he just took Steve in his hand in a tight grip, making him yelp and press harder against him. The hot, blinding pleasure of the reaction sent a jolt of electricity all the way to Billy's dick, making it twitch in his briefs. Steve must've felt it too, because suddenly he was panting quietly and placing his hand over Billy's, inside his underwear.

Billy exhaled shakily against his neck, and Steve breathed his name quietly again.

"Billy, *please*," He bucked his hips up and then down, thrusting into Billy's fist insistently and then pressing against his dick. Billy wasn't in the mood to let him waiting.

"Steve," Billy sighed and sank his teeth into the side of his neck, as he began to move his hand and his hips in perfect rhythm. His rule had always been that they weren't queer so long as they were first, drunk, second, didn't get boners and third, so long as they didn't touch each other's bare skin. He'd always thought that hugging Steve even in a friendly manner was gay activity, and that when he'd so much as touched the guy in any other instance that wasn't when they were shitfaced, it would feel *wrong*. He'd been conditioned to think that he couldn't afford to be actively making real all his fag fantasies if he wanted to live, specially not in a hick town like Hawkins, and not with Steve, who seemed straighter than an arrow.

In that moment though, when he stroked Steve's dick and when he rocked up against his ass, he didn't feel like anything was wrong. Not with him, not with Steve. Maybe the place and the timing was a little bit wrong, but really, who gave a shit anyway. He'd wanted to be that close to Steve almost since they started being friends after the incident at the Byers'.

It wasn't like someone in the house could read minds, or look

through walls, so Billy indulged. Also, the bed, as if enchanted or something, stopped making screeching sounds under their weight every time they moved against each other.

Steve reached around from where he'd wrapped his hand around Billy's inside his briefs, and instead grabbed a handful of Billy's hair, forcing him to bite harder into his neck so that he didn't make any of the sounds he so desperately wanted to. Steve moved his hips in time with Billy's strokes and thrusts, rocking back and forth in tandem as much as he could against his clothed dick and making him almost lose his mind. He briefly thought about how it would be to slide his dick between Steve's ass-cheeks. He had to bite Steve's neck a little bit harder to mask the groan he so badly wanted to make. The sting of the bite made Steve pull on his curls a little tighter, and forced out a choked off noise that was maybe too loud for the situation they were in.

"Billy..*Billy*..I can't…" Steve tried to mumble the words, but he was gasping them, turning Billy on even more.

He'd been so worried about this whole thing just maybe half an hour ago. He would have never thought hail, of all fucking things, would have made him end up in bed with Steve all breathy and disheveled pressed against his dick and making him warm all over.

Steve came with a sharp gasp, covering Billy's hand and ruining his briefs. He pulled so hard on Billy's hair that they both moaned. Billy continued to rock up erratically against him for a few seconds, panting desperately against Steve's neck.

Billy groaned perhaps far too loudly, and as he came, moved his hips forward so sharply that the bed made some clicking sound underneath them. Billy helplessly moaned then, muffling the sound against Steve's neck. Billy could feel wetness in the front of his briefs seeping through Steve's, making him shiver. He stopped moving after a couple more blissful thrusts.

A few seconds of them not moving at all passed. Everything was silent, and the only thing that could be heard were the sounds of the

pouring rain on the roof, Dustin's loud as fuck snoring, and their quiet breathing in the dark.

And then the bed gave up on them.

The mattress sank to the ground, but not completely, leaving their bodies still propped up by the bed frame, and their feet at floor level in an awkward position.

Billy held onto Steve tighter when the bed broke, but pulled his hand out of his underwear. Steve gripped Billy's wrist tight and yelped a little bit. The bed breaking made a thunderous sound that made them both freeze. That for sure had woken someone up.

When the inevitable grumpy and half asleep Hopper pushed through the plywood and turned on the light, Billy was thankful they were under the woolen covers because from where Hopper stood, he'd only be able to look at their heads. He didn't need to see the wet patches and their tangled legs.

"What the- Harrington? What are you doing over there?" Hopper's voice was fucking *brimming* with amusement. Billy wanted to die in that moment, and how fucking ironic, since about 5 minutes ago he'd been feeling the best he'd felt all week.

"Hop-" Steve's voice cracked, "Hopper. I-I It's not what it looks like!"

"Yeah? And what does it look like?" Hopper sounded like he was holding back a laugh.

Billy wanted to die, but also to murder Steve. Why the *fuck* did he have to say that, he basically just gave everything away!

"Well- I just- er y'know- Dustin was snoring and Mike and Lucas were- I just couldn't sleep-"

"We're not-" Billy chimed in, and the way his lips grazed the back of Steve's neck made him shiver against Billy.

"Listen kids, I honestly don't care...just... I guess forget about the *hanky panky*, please, save that for home." Hopper didn't sound annoyed, or disgusted, just amused as all hell. "I should've just told

ya that the bed was old and that it doesn't hold weight good. The boards holding the mattress move around a lot."

Hopper then turned around to leave, closing the noisy plywood behind him and turning off the light, saying, "These fuckin' kids,"

Hopper now thought they were fags, and honestly, they fucking *were* anyways. Billy was about to die of mortification and he grimaced, thinking about what would happen if Neil found out, but then Steve was entwining his fingers with Billy's, holding his hand tightly and then pressing against his chest, sighing contentedly.

"Steve." Billy whispered when Steve didn't look like he wanted to move at all.

"Hm?"

"We have to put the bed up. And we have to...y'know."

"...We'll deal with it in the morning, Bill. Let's just go to sleep."

Steve just sighed again, put Billy's arm around him tighter, and squeezed his hand, relaxing and trying to fall asleep.

Billy sighed, confused as to what just happened and where it left them. He was kind of embarrassed, too and worried about what Neil would say the next morning. He still allowed himself to pull Steve tighter against his torso and push his thigh between Steve's legs like it was the most normal thing in the world, though, thinking that whatever came next, they'd deal with it in the morning.

Author's Note:

> so this is loosely based on something that actually happened to me once lmao...obviously, there was no hanky panky for me because i shared the bed with

my best friend, but the bed did fall in the middle of the night because that shit was a sorry excuse for a bed. when it fell with us on top, we just ignored it and kept sleeping, and like the bois did in the fic, we dealt with it in the morning.
my friend and i have a good laugh about it everytime we remember, it was hilarious.

Also, about the hail, idk man, i could've said blizzard or something, but i've never seen snow and don't know how it gets, but skidding off the road and dying actually almost happened a couple of times to me while driving through a hailstorm, so it felt more real lmao

Hope you liked it!! and hope there aren't too many mistakes!!. Your comments are always appreciated, they really make my days <33